

KAWADA! Just Don't Give a Fuck SUPER CRAZY! and TAJIRI! Have some wrestling in ECW! LUDVIG BORGA! Shooter supreme! JIMMY! Cracks corn and Rev. Ray's mom! and a bunch of other stuff we got for you this week.....

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW #94!

It's Foghat time once again. This week the real deal brings you more summations of quality professional wrestling and mixed martial arts. The itch your sister can't scratch, Phil Schneider handles some cusp of the century All Japan (meanwhile the Last American Virgin Ray Duffy handles himself), The Ice Cream Man Phil Rippa attacks some ECW TV which sort of didn't suck(meanwhile Mark Madden's

fatter brother Dean attacks a quart of Nutter Butter) First up this week, the man who is so fly his shit smells like Strawberry Ice Cream, Mike Naimark, as he takes on part one of the Universal Vale Tudo Fighting (meanwhile the man who's strawberry ice cream smells like shit Pete Stein fights the forces of soap). Sit back and enjoy cybersurfers.

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Salutations and huzzah, fellow fight fans! If you're like me, then you know that nothing tops off a hard day at work better than a glass of single malt Scotch, your favorite Foghat album, and eight frenzied professional ass-kickers beating the beejeebers out of each other in the misty jungles of lust that are Brazil. But feel free to skip the single malts and even the Foghat if need be; one shouldn't let one's musical deprivation or preference for lukewarm "Mister Beer" get in the way of this trip to the land where men are butch and the women spend an inordinate amount of time in g-strings. Unlike my trip to the Florida Keys, which showed quite the opposite trend.

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME! On with the show, and what a show we've got! Four of North America's most intense MMA'ers go nose-to-nose with four of Brazil's Vale Tudo elite in a nationally broadcast sport TV event in a little something we like to call.....

UNIVERSAL VALE TUDO FIGHTING (UVF6)

I'll just get this out of the way early and mention that between every match, smokin' hot Latina mamas in one-piece g-strings parade around the ring with cards bearing the name of technique of the participants for each event. I can only image the gooey mess that Jerry Lawler would make if he were calling these fights; I'd wager the girls on display here are much closer to King Jerry's preferred female demographic than Sable and the rest of the WWF Cleavage Crew.

Quarterfinal #1 - Carlao Baretto (1.9M 106Kg, BJJ) v Geza Kalman (1.82M 130Kg, shoot wrestling)

Carlao Baretto has to be considered one of the most impressive athletes to every come out of the Brazilian fighting world. Tall and lean with long limbs and great balance, Baretto adds to his physical gifts with training from Carlson Gracie Jr, perhaps the top Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu and Vale Tudo teacher in Brazil. Geza Kalman is undoubtedly the missing Third Rotten Brother, as he resembles Ian and Axl so closely that he could easily waltz into any Indy hardcore promotion on the east coast and be mobbed with clueless autograph marks. Baretto opens with a lunging punch which Kalman ducks and shoots in with a waistlock. Holding on to Baretto's hips, Kalman drives Baretto to the ropes with such force that they both tumble over the top rope and to the floor! Thank god Bill Watts wasn't on hand! They reset in the ring and circle; neither guy has much of a career in boxing ahead of them. Baretto lunges again, and Kalman grabs the hips and tries to drive Carlao back over the ropes, but this time Baretto expects the bull rush and backpeddles sweetly, throwing short punches that score repeatedly on Kalman's noggin. Kalman's momentum almost sends him tumbling out of the ring as Baretto sidesteps him and continues firing punches. Baretto clinches and tries an overhead crucifix, but Kalman's beefy shoulders are too wide for even Carlao's long arms. Kalman grabs the ropes and uses his ample frame to pin Carlao to the ropes while the big Canadian wheezes and gasps for air. After the ref breaks the men, Kalman lunges and misses badly; imagine Viscera after a couple of flights of stairs, just to give you an image. They grapple standing briefly before Kalman, in a last gasp of effort, lifts Baretto straight off his feet with a bodyslam-type lift and attempt to throw him OVER THE TOP ROPE! Sadly, Kalman is too short and too bushed to heave the thrashing Brazilian, and ends up trapped in a corner with Baretto's forearm across his throat in a guillotine choke. Kalman waits a few seconds before it occurs to him that, HEY, he's feeling a little faint! The lack of oxygen jump-starts his enfeebled brain and with one mighty effort, Kalman rears back and punches Carlao right in the balls. This just pisses Carlao off, so he stands up straight and really cranks on Kalman's neck. The Missing Rotten Brother quickly decides to do the job, and taps out.

Winner by submission, CARLAO BARETTO!

Quarterfinal #2 - Judimar Hypolito (1.86M 93Kg, boxing) v Dan Bobish (1.86M 132Kg, wrestling)

Longtime FogHeads may remember Dan Bobish from his World Fighting Federation squash match over Joe "Ghetto Man With the Gold Turban" Charles. Just to

clear things up, there is no truth to the rumor than the WWF wants to counter WCW's signing of Tank Abbott by signing Bobish and giving him the character of "Dan Boobish", complete with a giant nipple on his bald head. Who starts these rumors, anyways? Five seconds into the match, both men throw right hand leads. Both connect. Bobish blinks, and Hypolito goes flying backwards like he was hit with a shotgun blast. Bobish follows him to the ropes and lands a picturesque combination of a right cross, straight left, and a huge right hook that nearly severs poor Judimar's head. The ref stops the fight while Hypolito still has a chance of being able to feed himself the next day.

Winner by knockout and meeting Carla Baretto in the semis, DAN BOBISH!

Quarterfinal #3 - Ebenezer Braga (1.88M 96Kg, Luta Livre) v Kevin Randleman (1.82M 100Kg, wrestling)

Ebenezer Braga also fights under the names of Ebenezer Fontes and Ebenezer Fontes Braga. You can image how long it took me to figure all that out. He's a typical excellent Brazilian ground fighter with a slight build and powerful guard. Kevin Randleman is a freakin' nut. Its bad enough he's escorted to the ring by Mark "Hammerhead" Coleman wearing a Walkman and presumably jamming away to some unheard groove (what would YOU listen to before a match where you will undoubtedly be rolling around on the ground with a fairly hairy Brazilian? Luther Vandross? Lionel Richie? Iron Maiden?), but once Randleman enters the ring, he assumes the Rick Steiner "Doggy Style" pose in the corner and sits there, huffing and puffing. Randleman is a freestyle wrestler, and one of the most amazing physical specimens to ever compete in MMA. They start with some weak boxing, but since Braga seems reluctant to commit to a punch, Randleman starts hot-dogging and taunting Braga with his chin. The crowd sounds like they're woofing - could they really be closet Rick Steiner marks? The men clinch and grapple standing until Randleman takes Braga down with a waistlock against the ropes. Braga quickly leaves the ring, and I stop and rewind my tape too see if he was pushed out or rolled out himself. Instead I see that when Randleman clinches for the takedown, he reaches down and grabs "Little Ebenezer", causing "Big Ebenezer" to wince visibly. Hey, I winced too. As Braga climbs back into the ring, Randleman is in one corner yanking off his shooto gloves - he's gonna bare-knuckle it, Vale Tudo style! Randleman shoots and drives Braga to the ropes again, but can't take him down. He wants the double leg, but Ebenezer ain't gonna have none of that. For 3-4 minutes they jockey for position until Randleman explodes and rips Braga's legs from under him, landing in the guard. Very low in the guard, which isn't the place you want to be against a skilled BJJ'er. Braga immediately starts rifling punches and elbows to Randleman's exposed head, and Kevin desperately tries to figure out why the hell he's in trouble since

he just knocked his opponent on his ass. MORE ELBOWS! MORE PUNCHES! MORE LUMPS on Randleman's shiny dome! Randleman throws some wild punches that miss and continues to drive forward with his enormous leg strength. Braga ends up outside the ring again. On the restart, Randleman misses a punch but follows up by catching the leaning Braga with a flying Goldberg-style tackle that Braga sold like a pro, kicking up his heels and everything! Braga immediately pulls Randleman into his guard, thus preventing the dreaded Jackhammer. Some elbows and fists to the top of Randleman's skull, and Braga is being scooted out of the ring by the wrestler. Outside the ring Mark Coleman is trying to push Braga back in, which draws some good heel heat from the crowd. Braga and Randleman exchange punches from the guard, with The Brazilian coming out of the exchange with a small cut under his left eye before being shoved to the floor again. On yet another restart, the men close and start throwing big punches - Randleman is clearly the much stronger of the two, and seems to have a sizable edge in handspeed as well, peppering Braga's face with piston-like punches. To his credit, Braga fires back with a viscous knee strike to the gut and a kidney punch. The men clinch, and on review of the tape I can clearly see Kevin Randleman pull....uh...what the hell is that? Braga's underwear? Apparently Braga is wearing black underwear under his tights, and Randleman is looking to give him a wedgie. Pulling the undies, grabbing the balls....Can a thumb up the ass be far behind? The men grapple until Randleman lashes out with more strikes, several of which land solidly, but Braga throws a few hard shots of his own. After being rocked by a swift uppercut, Braga returns with a nasty kneestrike to the jaw that snaps his head back, followed by repeated kneestrikes to the ribs. Those Luta Livre guys always love that Muay-Thai, don't they? Some great Greco-Roman style grappling for position here, until Randleman pushes away from his opponent and a brutal three-punch combination that sends Braga straight to the mat with his eyes rolled back in his head. The End? As Randleman leaps to the ground to finish him, Braga instinctively gets the guard and starts throwing elbow strikes, even though you can clearly see his head bobbing and eyes rolling from the force of Randleman's blows. THAT'S why the Brazilians have been so successful with their technique; anybody else would have been easy pickings after such a drubbing. The crowd is totally rabid for Braga now; this smaller Brazilian has taken everything that the American Adonis can throw at him, and keeps firing back. The ref orders another restarts after Braga almost falls to the floor again, and you can clearly see Braga's rubbery legs as he walks up the stairs to the ring. He's taken a helluva lot of abuse tonight. Randleman attempts some punches, but amazingly Braga counters immediately with a right cross followed by a standing kick to the ribs! Randleman steps back and spears Braga again, taking him down to the mat where he winds up absorbing more elbows and punches. You gotta get HIGH in the guard if you want to punch, Mr Wrestler

sir. Didn't Mark Coleman warn you about that ? Nah, Coleman is too busy yelling at some rube in the audience. And he looks PISSED, with ropelike veins protruding from what would be his neck, if he had one. In a weird moment, Randleman kicks Braga, which draws a loud chorus of boos and whistles from the audience because Randleman is wearing wrestling shoes. The ref warns him not to kick, and Randleman nods before charging into a beautiful straight right on the chin from Braga. Randleman doesn't even blink before throwing half-a-dozen sharp punches at Braga in the corner, with a few of them landing. How Ebenezer, who is built like Sean Waltman, can take this abuse and keep coming back is a mystery to me. Randleman now works the body, which he should have done 15 minutes ago. Some nice shots to the ribs and gut have Braga gasping for air now, and Randleman goes for the kill with an enormous uppercut that connects with authority! Braga's head is rocked so vigorously that the entire front row is showered with sweat, but rather than drop or tap out, Braga shows he's got BALLS THE SIZE OF CANTELOPES and actually lands a solid kneestrike to the solar plexus followed by a wild left! Randleman returns fire with a left-right-left combination that has Braga's head flopping around like he'd whizzed on the electric fence! The fans are going nuts! Braga counters with an uppercut, but the punch is all arm and no technique. Randleman counters with a winging left cross that rocks Braga yet again! What is keeping this guy up? They grapple again, both men gasping for air when suddenly, without warning, the referee steps in and halts the match! Why? Damn my lack of Portuguese, but apparently we've reached our 30-minute time limit here! WOW! What a match! Non-stop action and groundfighting acumen from start to finish. The judges rule in favor of Randleman, which has to be considered a mild surprise. Braga would continue to show the kind of guts and technique on display here as he fought all over the world, meeting some of the best fighters on any continents and never being embarrassed, to the point where he received a nomination for the vaunted "DVDVR 1998 Fighter of the Year". But this was 1997. WINNER BY DECISION, KEVIN RANDLEMAN!

Quarterfinal Match #4 - Mario Sucata (1.8M 107Kg BJJ) v Big Daddy (1.92M 118Kg, Freestyle:)

"Big Daddy" is, of course, Gary "Big Daddy" Goodridge, UFC veteran and world arm-wrestling champ. A hulking and ominous figure, Goodridge would be a perfect wrestling goon if he weren't so damn erudite in his interviews. Its almost funny seeing him try and play the thug. Goodridge steps over the top rope into the ring, which must be some kind of record for the shortest man to every do so. Sucata shoots for the double-leg, and Big Daddy sprawls with a front facelock. They grapple standing to a corner (and DAMN do I hate holding MMA events in a boxing ring) and Sucata tries another double-leg.

This time Big Daddy sprawls and tries to do some fancy amateur wrestling reversal, which naturally looks like shit and results in him losing his initial advantageous position (briefly having Sucata's back) and ending up right where Sucata wants him (all together now), IN THE GUARD! Goodridge works some kidney punches, but Sucata is doing a good job of keeping Gary's head down near his navel. Big Daddy tries a punch, but ends up losing his arm to a Sucata keylock from the guard. Goodridge thrashes violently to escape this submission, and ends up rolling over and shaking Sucata off him. Sucata is standing while Goodridge suddenly realizes that he's on his back on the ground. Quick as a flash, Goodridge grabs the bottom rope and pulls his ass out of the ring to a chorus of boos. The men circle on the restart, with zero head movement and ponderous footwork. They grapple standing as Goodridge holds a facelock against the ropes. At one point, Goodridge throws a headbutt....to Sucata's back! The crowd laughs audibly, and Goodridge looks chagrined. Looks like a putz is more like it, but I like Gary, and I never know who's gonna read this. Big Daddy tries for an overhead crucifix, but as soon as his hands are about to lock, Sucata drops to the mat to avoid the move. Goodridge ends up with a side mount, and Sucata fearlessly rolls over and gives him his back. Naturally, Goodridge makes a clueless attempt at a rear-naked choke that allows Sucata to stand up easily. Sucata peppers Goodridge with punches now, punctuated by a stiff straight left as they grapple to the ropes. Suddenly, I notice Goodridge tapping on Sucata's back. HUH? Yep, clear as day, Big Daddy turned into a Big Pussy and tapped out after only a couple of minutes and little damage. If you put money on him, you're a Big Dummy. Winner by tap-out, MARIO SUCATA!

So the quarterfinals are finished, with the semi brackets shaping up to be Carlao Baretto against Dan Bobish, and Kevin Randleman against Mario Sucata. This is shaping up to be the biggest UVF in the history of our great sport! But...FANS! We're out of time! Be sure to tune back in next week and see the thrilling conclusion of this tournament! Can Kevin Randleman recover enough stamina to overcome Sucata? Can Baretto overcome an awesome striker like Bobish? Will the sultry Latinas show us just a little more skin? You don't have to call the hotline to find out, just tune back in to your only source for Death Valley Driver goodness. DVDVR-Foghat, tellin' ya to have a Slow Ride, and Take it Easy!

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ECW TV (March 1999)
(THE OTHER PHIL)

Phil and I had this long conversation about ECW TV and the good and bad of it. It can be sooooooooooooo the worst episode of Heat as they have 19 promos

for pay per views and for videos (Hey, didya' know that you could still buy Just Another Night In ECW. If you ask nicely Dean might lend you his copy.) Of course, there is also the long-winded Taz interviews, BRUTHA! But when the wrestling starts, it can be all sorts of good. This week's episode (which is taken from matches at House Party '99) is the perfect example of this.

The show opens with the Dudley Boyz calling out Public Enemy again. It is an interesting promo as there is no Gertner intros and no Dudley cheap heat. Of course, they have been reading the ECW guide to giving interviews, as they toss the word shoot around like it actually means something. Oh well. This is the first part of the segment where the Dudleys mock PE until Grunge and Rock finally hit the ring for their two week return before going to the WWF for that ill-fated career move.

Skull Von Krush vs. Sid

Well, okay. Not every match is going to be good. But this is mercifully short with Sid chokeslamming Krush through a table and then using the Let Me Gently Place Him On The Mat powerbomb twice. Yippee!

Super Crazy vs. Tajiri

You are never going to have any complaints when these two are gracing your television screen. This was match two between the two. The first one, from Guilty As Charged, was good but it was a flashy spotfest designed more to heat up the crowd and show what these two guys could do. This match had better transitions and had more solid wrestling to intertwine with the spots. (Of course, the third match was really great as they do an extended mat sequence that completely baffles that ECW crowd.) The opening seconds of the match are to die for as Tajiri hits an over the ringpost tope con hilo, a wicked kick to the head and the Tarantula. Super Crazy raises Tajiri and spots him with an absolute GORGEOUS Asai Moonsault and an equally beautiful Quebrada. Super Crazy then slows things down as he grounds Tajiri by working on over his back. The inverted surfboard is nice. The rolling inverted surfboard was even better. The Romero Special was the best. Tajiri's only answer is to kick, kick, kick for the home team as he blasts away at Super Crazy's ear. The two go back and forth a little more and then Tajiri makes the fatal mistake of telegraphing a missile dropkick. Super Crazy steps out of the way, connects with a powerbomb and then finishes things off with a spinning reverse DDT. Super Crazy evens the series up. I was a little disappointed that they didn't tease Tajiri going for the Brainbuster (which was his finisher on the PPV). That would have added another element of psychology that I would have really dug. But I still have no complaints with this match.

Taz vs. Shane Douglas

This match had no business being as decent as it was. I mean I HATE Taz and Shane Douglas is not even close to being one of my favorite wrestlers so when this two actually have a watchable match that isn't booked 17 ways to Sunday, I was shocked. Anyway, the match was supposed to be Taz vs. Chris Candido but Candido gets punked by Douglas as payback for when Candido turned on Douglas at Guilty As Charged. (Okay, so maybe two ways to Sunday.) Douglas gets on the STICK, yammers about giving the fans a real world title match because he and Taz were true champions. I think he also mentioned something about there never being a real title match in ECW. That's okay fellas, I'll pretend that those Whipwreck/Sandman matches never happened. Anyhoo, the really bizarre thing is that the two get all amateur to start. The exchange waistlocks, schoolboys, etc.. and it could have been more interesting if Shane hadn't been wearing a full cast on his right hand. The sequence was nothing spectacular but it was so not what you expected that it draws you in. Eventually the action spills outside the ring and they start brawling through the crowd making their way up towards Joey Styles and Rob Feinstein's Video. This leads to the classic moment of Taz crashing through the table and taking out all of RF Video's shoot interviews of himself and the 12 Best of Sabu tapes. When they move back into the ring things get interesting again. Taz kicks out of a belly-to-back at 2 1/2. Taz then slaps the Tazmission on which Douglas breaks by bashing the cast into Taz's head a half a dozen times. Taz reapplies the Tazmission and then gives Shane a Tazmissionplex through a table for a pin. It was a plain as day wrestling match that I did not expect to enjoy. Hey, watta you know.

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All Japan (1999)
(SCHEINDER)

Vader v. Kenta Kobashi

This is the first singles match in their budding feud (which should be settled in a Slab of Ribs on a pole match at AJPW Souled Out.) This was also Big Leon's first singles match of note in All Japan. They started with the big staredown, Kobashi was sporting the head bandage, where Vader busted up his eye in a tag match. Shockingly for All Japan they started with some mat wrestling, which is the first mat wrestling I can remember since Dory Funk Jr. It wasn't Tamura v. Volk Han or anything, but Vader controlled on the top, and Kobashi was able to slip in a crossarmbreaker with Vader struggling for a rope break, perfectly acceptable Japanese shootstyle mat work and something All Japan should really get back to.

Vader then starts clubbing, hitting some stiff punches, mixed in with some WwhiFfs. Vader takes Kobashi to the floor, and hits a lame Big Lesbian powerbomb, and a mediocre chair shot. When they get back to the ring, Kobashi attacks Vader's knee with some dropkicks. Kobashi hits the big DDT, and gets Vader in the corner and does his lame chops, which Vader sells like he was being hit with a crowbar. Kobashi hits a vertical suplex and a backdrop suplex and a nice missile dropkick. Kenta goes up and hits the tub of guts moonsault, which he had been building to for the whole match. Vader kicks out though and drops him with a lariat. Then Vader hits his bigger tub of guts moonsault for a two count. Vader then hits him with a lariat and a Vader bomb for the win. Pretty good match defiantly the best Vader has looked in years. I was into the mat wrestling which Vader did well (being from the AWA and the UWFI respectively), and I liked the race to the moonsault psychology. Kenta was less irritating in this then he has been in a while, but Vader still hasn't fully acclimated to the All Japan style. His stiffness is still hit and miss, as he has gotten all loose from years of wrestling the Godfather in Sioux City. He also oversells a lot, flipping and flopping at the first sign of contact which I am sure is a reaction to having to sell for the hammer like blows of Hunter Hearst Helmsley and Kane, however this match did show a lot of potential, and Vader showed he still has the athleticism to compete at a world class level. Hopefully he will adjust to the style and actually inject some submission and mat work into the top level of All Japan.

Mitsaharu Misawa v. Toshiaki Kawada

Two of the all time greats battle for the belts, certificates, bowling trophies and dry cleaning coupons that make up the triple crown. Kobashi is at ring side with a 2lb bag of Doritos and a six pack of ho-hos to do color. Kawada and Misawa make their beautiful music together, and put on the kind of assured performance that only two of the greats can do. They started with a nasty exchange of elbows which Toshiaki gets the worst of, he decides to come back with his running kick to the face. Misawa then elbows him out the ring and hits his choice elbow-suicida, Misawa takes control in the ring hitting elbows and suplexes. The first big offensive transition comes when Misawa goes up for a diving elbow and gets caught right in the jaw by a jumping kick. Kawada then goes to work hitting multiple running kick variations. He attempts his high-angle powerbomb which Misawa counters with a rana. He then goes for a German suplex which Misawa blocks with some elbows, Kawada tries to loosen him up by hitting a uraken to the back of his head. AND TOSHIKI KAWADA PROVES HE IS THE MOST HARDCORE MOTHERFUCKER IN THE WORLD as he breaks his forearm on the back of Misawa's head and doesn't even change expressions, I get more upset if I spill salsa on my shirt. Kawada just readjusts the bone and goes back to working for the

German suplex. Kawada starts working over Misawa's leg with some nasty kicks to the knee, but Misawa counters with elbows. Misawa hits a Tiger Driver and a Tiger Driver '91 but his leg was too hurt to cover. Misawa does a great job selling the hurt leg as Kawada goes after it with kicks and a figure four (which Kawada does the toothless grin, him and Ray's mom must go to the same dentist). He kicks Misawa down in the corner and they exchange elbow smashes, with Kawada elbowsmashing him with his broken right forearm. Kawada hits his swank brainbuster for a two count, and then goes for the high angle powerbomb (the one move that he has been able to beat Misawa with) Misawa attempts the rana counter again but Kawada blocks it and drops him directly on his head with an unprotected piledriver, in what might have been the nasty bump I have ever seen Misawa take. It looked worse then the piledriver that broke Austin's neck, Kawada is too exhausted to cover immediately so he only get a two count. Misawa tries to hit some final elbows, but Kawada hits two high kicks and another big brainbuster for the win. Amazing performance from both, which is even more amazing when you consider that Kawada wrestled 17 minutes with a broken arm and remained as stoic as an ATF agent. This is probably the second best Misawa v. Kawada match ever and in the Top Ten All Japan matches ever. Sell the house, drown the dog but get your hands on a copy of this tape.

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In an effort to fumigate ourselves of the abject pessimism and despondence that those cheesy eggheads at DVD-Hollandaise are so well known for, we at DVD-Foghat proudly introduce:

@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!SINGLES GETTIN'

LUCKY!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!@!

'Cause you don't need to go steady to get lucky. No mother jokes, please.

UFC13 (NAIMARK) - Randy Coutre v Tony Halme

Most of you will recognize Tony Halme as the WWF's former Ludvig Borgia, a hulking 6'5 290lb behemoth who also holds a European Heavyweight boxing title with a stagger 10-0 record (big deal; when I boxed at the Allen Park Gym in Miami, the current German Heavyweight Champ of the time, Reiner Hartmann, was training there for his "big" American debut. I left with the conclusion that anyone could win a boxing title in Europe, as long as they didn't run out of countries before they ran out of brain cells). Before his fight, Halme give one of the alltime great UFC interviews, where he announces that his strategy will be to rip an arm or leg out of the socket to make his opponent quit. He then claims to have "Balls of Iron", which might be the follow-up to "Buns of Steel". Randy Coutre is a Greco-Roman wrestler from the RAW (Real American Wrestling) team. The match starts and

Halme launches a big overhand right, which Coutre ducks. One double-leg later, and Halme is flipping on his stomach to avoid punches. A few more seconds, and Coutre has the rear-naked choke. I remember watching this live and screaming, "Now! Tear his arm out of the socket! NOW! THIS IS THE TIME!". Way to go tough guy. I can't even brush my teeth in 30 seconds, and you went and got your ass kicked.
Winner by submission, Randy Coutre!

MTV'S BEACHBRAWL '99 (THE OTHER PHIL)

- Hey this was the follow up to the wildly successful Snowbrawl that MTV put on during the winter. That one

was won by Bryan Adams. This one features Rey Misterio Jr., Kidman, Hugh Morris, Chavo Guerrero Jr.,

Saturn and Chris Jericho. Raven and Jimmy Hart join Kid Rock as commentators. It is a basic battle royal with some random Metal Band playing in the background. Morris gets tossed first as a couple of guys team up on him. MTV uses this really annoying overhead camera that makes your seasick if the stick on the shot too long. Everyone does their signature moves during the course of the match, mainly to get over with the drunk spring breakers. I know Kidman goes next. (It is funny to note that when this was taped, Kidman was the Cruiserweight champ but they aired it the week after he lost the belt to Rey. Oh well.) Jericho eliminates Saturn somehow. Raven tries his best to comment on the match while Kid Rock drools over the Nitro Girls. The final two guys are Rey and Jericho. Jericho wins by dropkick Rey off the ropes. Hey, I guess this means he resigned! The trophy celebration is cut short as Saturn hits the ring and beats up Jericho and the crowd goes mild. Kid Rock then invites everyone to his room to party. If you are desperate to watch this, I'm sure someone has it on their permanent tape. (Perhaps a big fat guy who lives in Richmond.)

ULTIMATE STREETFIGHTING (NAIMARK)

- Two unknowns on a quiet street in broad daylight. Since they're both grubbing around on the ground before you can bat an eye, you KNOW they're Brazilian. The great thing about this fight is the handheld camera work, and the

cameraman tries to evade the small handful of observers and other obstacles that prevent him from getting a clear shot of the action. As the fighters work on the ground, someone turns from the crowd and angrily covers the lens of the camera. Shouting is heard, followed by a thud. The picture returns after probably three minutes of fumbling, but now the camera is on the other side of the fighters and somebody has a torn shirt. Closer review of the video reveals that another man has removed his watch or had it

ripped off during the blackout. The man who covered the camera is nowhere to be seen for the rest of this fight, which ends when one man bashes the other's face with repeated headbutts from inside the guard. I'll bet dollar to donuts that the real ass-whoopins' took place off-camera. Damn, I miss all the good stuff.

@!@!@!@!@!@! Dean Rasmussen Braying Jackass @!@!@!@!@!@!

Dean has developed a cult like following on the Internet with his stupid ~ and CAPITAL LETTERS being aped by every dipshit with a Raw Report who loves talking about ~DEBRA and ~8-BALL. In comparison to his imitators Dean seems to be a fountain of information. This faux knowledge is acquired by watching hundreds of hours of wrestling in his mom's basement while feeding his Gila Monster Angie grub worms and throwing a catnip ball at his Tabby Haley, while eating stuffed crust pizza after stuffed crust pizza. Despite his wasted life he still has a wide ranging ignorance of professional wrestling. Proof you say. FOGHAT brings you proof

Death Valley Driver Video Review #6

"On a MUCH better note Hisakatsu Ooya wrestles Daisuke Ikeda from BattleArts. Ooya is the co-chairman of "Coolest Wrestlers in a Garbage Wrestling Organization"

(Masato Tanaka co-chairs) because he pulled a good match out a BattleArts wrestler. Ikeda is pretty intense, as most of those shootstyle types are, and does the usual shootstyle drill: kick, knee, go for an cross armbreaker, opponent gets to the ropes, stand up, kick, knee, go for a knee bar, etc. Ooya stops the madness by suplexing the F#CK out of him twice. Ooya is becoming a pro style mat fave of mine and he works the half-assed shootstyle that IS BattleArts better than any of them do and sells better any of those Pancrase never-weres ever could, and does some of the most vicious, Benoiteseque suplexes on earth"

Boy Hisakatsu sure rules, I can't believe he carried that suckass Pancrase wannabe Daisuke Ikeda to something watchable. He rules with his funny name and all, it has two O's HOW ~COOL IS~ THAT~?

Next Time - The CMLL that should have been reviewed this week. Superstars on the Superstation. Plus the

MMA debuts of Jerry Flynn, Craig

Pittman, and Bam Bam Bigelow! Plus the MMA debut of Hulk Hogan if Naimark ever catches up with that egoistic dungheap on the beach again. And speaking

of egoistic dungheaps, remember that the only true source for your video review needs, DVD-Foghat, will be returning in two short weeks with the best in wrestling and shootstyle! DO NOT be fooled by amateurs and imposters flaunting the DVD name! Accept no substitutes! Especially substitutes headed by bogus priests and catchphrase-addled Japanophiles who are forced to reuse the same jokes between them. They could have ponied up \$10 for Milton Berle's Secret Joke Files, but they found that the Paulie Shore Standup Routines were cheaper. If they get any more derivative, I'm gonna have to give them some nasty limericks out of pity.